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Adventure

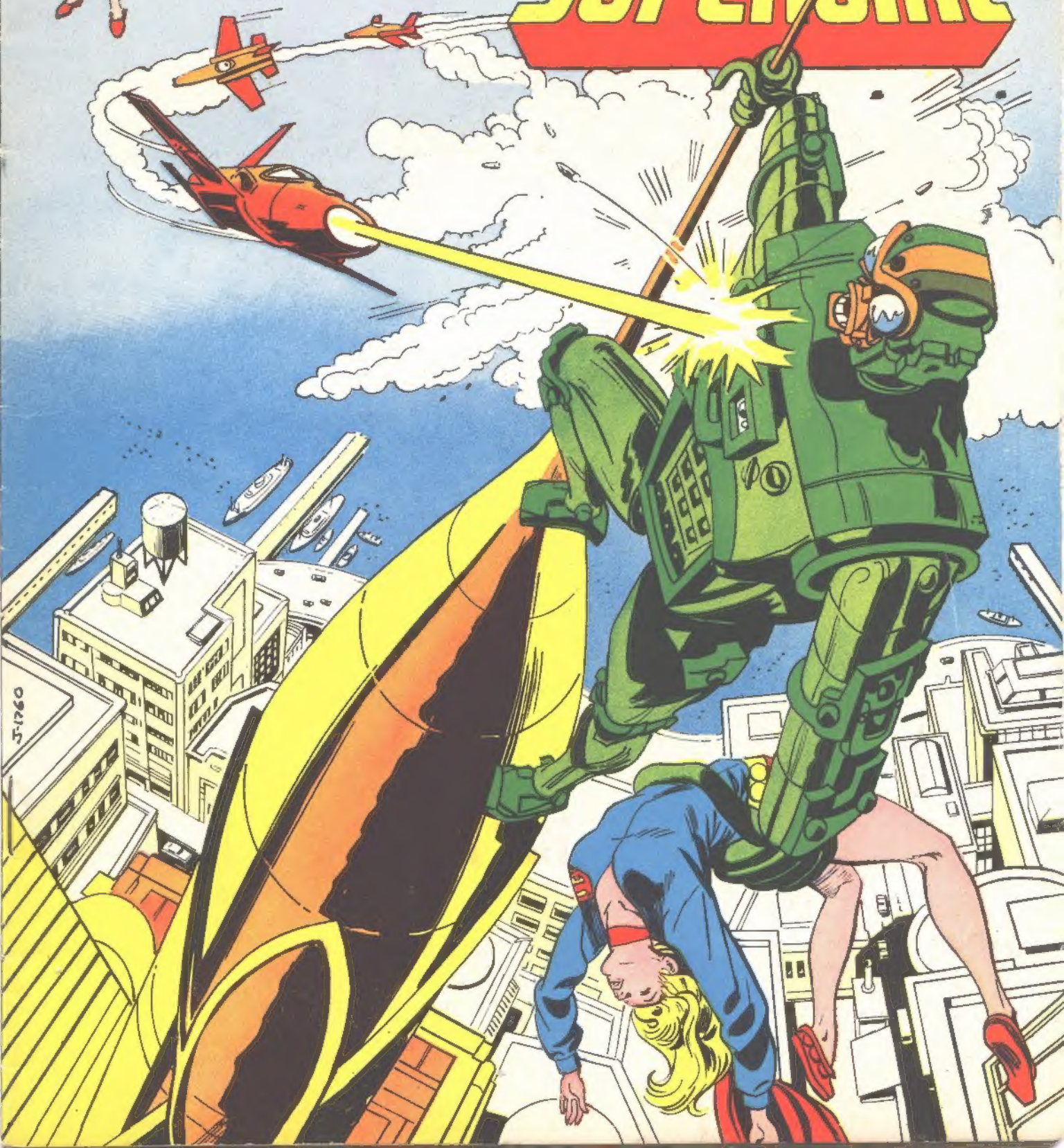
COMICS

NO. 422
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J-1760

HERE THEY COME!



**RIP-SNORTIN'
3-WHEELED
SIZZLERS-POWERED
RACING MACHINES**

called:

CHOPCYCLES™

There's never been anything like these babies before! Authentically styled! Fully detailed! With gleaming chromed engines. Big fat traction-grabbin' slicks. Power-charged like SIZZLERS® Cars. Send 'em flying! Around a FAT TRACK®...or across the floor.



Start your collection with
THE RIP RIDER™ SET:



1 CHOPCYCLE Chopper plus 1 GOOSE PUMP™...
the new portable power unit! From Mattel!

SUPERGIRL

FROM A DISTANT GALAXY THEY HAVE COME... THESE ALIENS WHOSE SHIP NOW HOVERS ABOVE THE ROLLING COUNTRYSIDE... SLOWLY IT DESCENDS WITH AN OMINOUS HUM...

GENTLEMEN... WE HAVE ARRIVED!

EDITOR: JOE ORLANDO
SCRIPT: STEVE SKEATES
ART: MIKE SEKOWSKY
BOB OKSNER

J-1769

FROM THIS MOMENT... THE MISSION IS YOURS!

MAKE YOURSELVES RESEMBLE THE INHABITANTS OF THIS WORLD.

THE TWO ALIENS STRETCH, PULL AND MOLD THEIR PUTTY-LIKE SKIN...

...UNTIL...

PERFECT! PERFECT! NO ONE WOULD KNOW YOU DID NOT COME FROM THIS PLANET!

NOW, LISTEN CLOSELY...

...THIS IS A PICTURE OF A MAMMOTH ROBOT! IT LIES DORMANT NOW. A USELESS COLLECTION OF WIRE AND METAL. ITS CREATOR CONSIDERED IT A FAILURE!

YOUR JOB... GENTLEMEN: ACTIVATE IT... BRING IT TO LIFE!

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MEANWHILE,
OUTSIDE THE
SPACECRAFT,
AN OLD TRUCK
BUMPS AND
SPUTTERS DOWN
A LITTLE-USED
COUNTRY ROAD...

A FLYING
SAUCER!

NO! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
THINGS LIKE THAT DON'T
EXIST!...

EXCEPT MAYBE IN
THE MOVIES! I'M GETTIN'
OLD... MY EYES ARE
PLAYIN' TRICKS ON ME!
OR...

HEY!

SOMEBODY
UP
AHEAD!

EXCUSE US,
SIR! OUR CAR
BROKE DOWN
A WAYS BACK,
AND WE
NEED...

...A LIFT?
SURE
HOP IN!

I'VE GOT A
DELIVERY TO MAKE
FIRST! AFTER THAT-
I'M HEADIN' STRAIGHT
FER TOWN!

Y'KNOW, IT'S
THE STRANGEST
THING... SOUNDS CRAZY,
BUT JES' BEFORE...

...I PICKED YOU
GUYS UP, I SEEN
SOMETHING OVER
THERE... LOOKED
LIKE IT WAS A...

UH...
FLYING
SAUCER!

YOU GUYS
SEEN ANYTHING
LIKE THAT?

NO!
CAN'T
SAY WE
DID!...

...PROBABLY
YOUR
IMAGINATION!

PRESENTLY, UNDER THE HARSH
GLARE OF THE TRUCK'S HEADLIGHTS...



GREAT!
YOU LOOK
JUST LIKE
THE DRIVER!

IT SHOULD GET
US INTO THE PROF'S
COMPOUND. HE
DOESN'T TRUST
ANYONE ELSE!



AND NOW, TO
PRESENT THE
PROFESSOR WITH
HIS WELL-DESERVED
"PRIZE!"



IS THAT YOU,
CHARLIE? C'MON--
SHOW YOURSELF!

OR ARE YOU
GETTING SHY
IN YOUR OLD
AGE?



NOPE!
JUST A TRIFLE
TIRED IS ALL!

BUT IT'S ME,
ALL RIGHT! HANDSOME
AS EVER!



OKAY!
DRIVE ON IN!

YOU TIMED IT
PERFECTLY, PAL!
I JUST MADE A
FRESH POT OF
COFFEE!



HEY! WHO'S
THAT WITH YOU?
I TOLD YOU
NEVER--

SORRY, PROF--
BUT THIS GUY
INSISTED ON
COMING ALONG!

HE'S FROM
SOME PEACE
ORGANIZATION!
BEEN TRYIN' TO
SEE YOU FOR
A LONG TIME!



PEACE
ORGANIZATION!??

YEP,
THAT'S
RIGHT!



I, LIKE YOURSELF,
AM A SCIENTIST
DEDICATED TO
PEACE!



MY ORGANIZATION HAS
HEARD OF THE **INDESTRUCTIBLE**
ROBOT YOU HAVE CREATED--

-- AND HOW YOU PLAN
TO SET THIS ROBOT UP AS
AN **INTERNATIONAL**
POLICEMAN...

TO SERVE
THE CAUSE
OF **PEACE!**

SIR...
YOU ARE
MISTAKEN...

MISTAKEN?
NEVER. WE APPLAUD
WHAT YOU ARE
DOING...

...AND
WOULD LIKE
TO GIVE YOU
AN **AWARD!**

I DESERVE
NO AWARD, MY
PROJECT IS A
DISMAL
FAILURE!

LISTEN,
PERHAPS YOU'RE
BEING TOO **HARD**
ON YOURSELF!

IN ANY EVENT,
AS A **SCIENTIST**,
I WOULD BE VERY
INTERESTED IN
SEEING THIS
CREATION OF
YOURS!



THERE **IT** IS,
GENTLEMEN... **TONS**
OF METAL... **MILES**
OF WIRING...

TEN YEARS OF
WORK... OF **SLEEPLESS**
NIGHTS... A DREAM OF
A WORLD WITHOUT
WAR...

ALL OF IT
WASTED!

I HAVE **TRIED**
AND **TRIED**, BUT
THERE'S SIMPLY
NOTHING I CAN DO
THAT WILL MAKE
THIS THING...
FUNCTION!

NOTHING YOU
CAN DO, PERHAPS!
BUT MAYBE **WE**
CAN GIVE YOU A
HAND!

Adventure PRESENTS **SUPERGIRL** in PAWN of PEACE!

FOR LINDA (SUPERGIRL) DANVERS, THE DAY USUALLY BEGINS WITH A BRISK WALK FROM HER APARTMENT TO THE OFFICES OF KSF-TV.

WHAT A DUMB THING I DID... I STOPPED TO CHECK OUT A NEW DRESS, AND NOW I'M LATE!

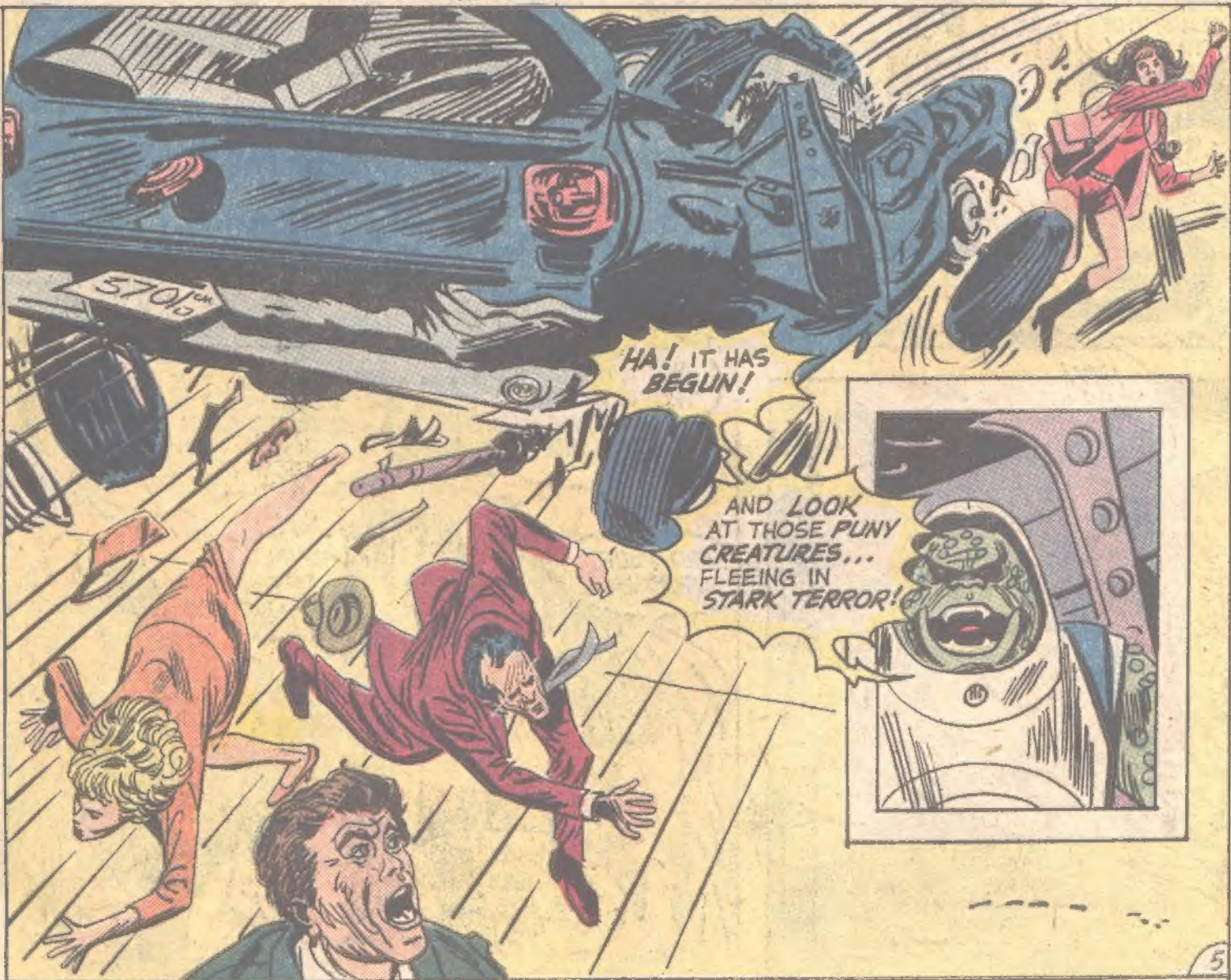
I COULD FLY TO THE OFFICE AND BE THERE IN TWO SECONDS...

I BETTER NOT! TOO RISKY FOR MY SECRET IDENTITY!

LINDA'S THOUGHTS ARE SUDDENLY JARRED... AS SHOUTS OF PANIC FILL THE AIR...

LOOK! UP IN THE SKY! A CAR!

GOOD GOD! IT'S GOING TO LAND HERE!



THAT'S
IT! CRUSH--
DESTROY!

CREATE
PANIC IN
THE STREETS!

AND DEATH!
ABOVE ALL...
DEATH!

-- THE
SOONER THIS
WORLD...

...WILL BE
OURS!

SHE'S
STILL
BREATHING...

THAT
POOR
GIRL...IS
SHE DEAD?

WE MUST
GET HER TO
A HOSPITAL!

FOLLOW
ME... I'LL
CLEAR THE
TRAFFIC!

AS LINDA
DANVERS, I
HAVE TO GO ALONG
WITH MY BEING
HURT!

--BUT AS
SUPERGIRL...
I'VE GOT TO GET
OUT OF HERE
FAST!

EMERGENCY

WHAT'S
UP?

OVER HERE FAST!
--AN INJURED GIRL
IN THE BACK!

HEY!--THIS
YOUR IDEA OF
A JOKE? THERE'S
NOBODY HERE!

WHAT?
BUT... BUT...
I...

I COULD JUST
SEE THE FACES ON
THOSE DOCTORS
WHEN THEY EXAMINED
ME AS LINDA DANVERS!

...AND FOUND
SUPERGIRL!

NOW... TO
GET BACK TO
THE MYSTERY
OF THE FLYING
CAR!

OBSERVE THE
POWER OF THAT
ROBOT... EVEN
ARMIES WON'T
STOP IT!

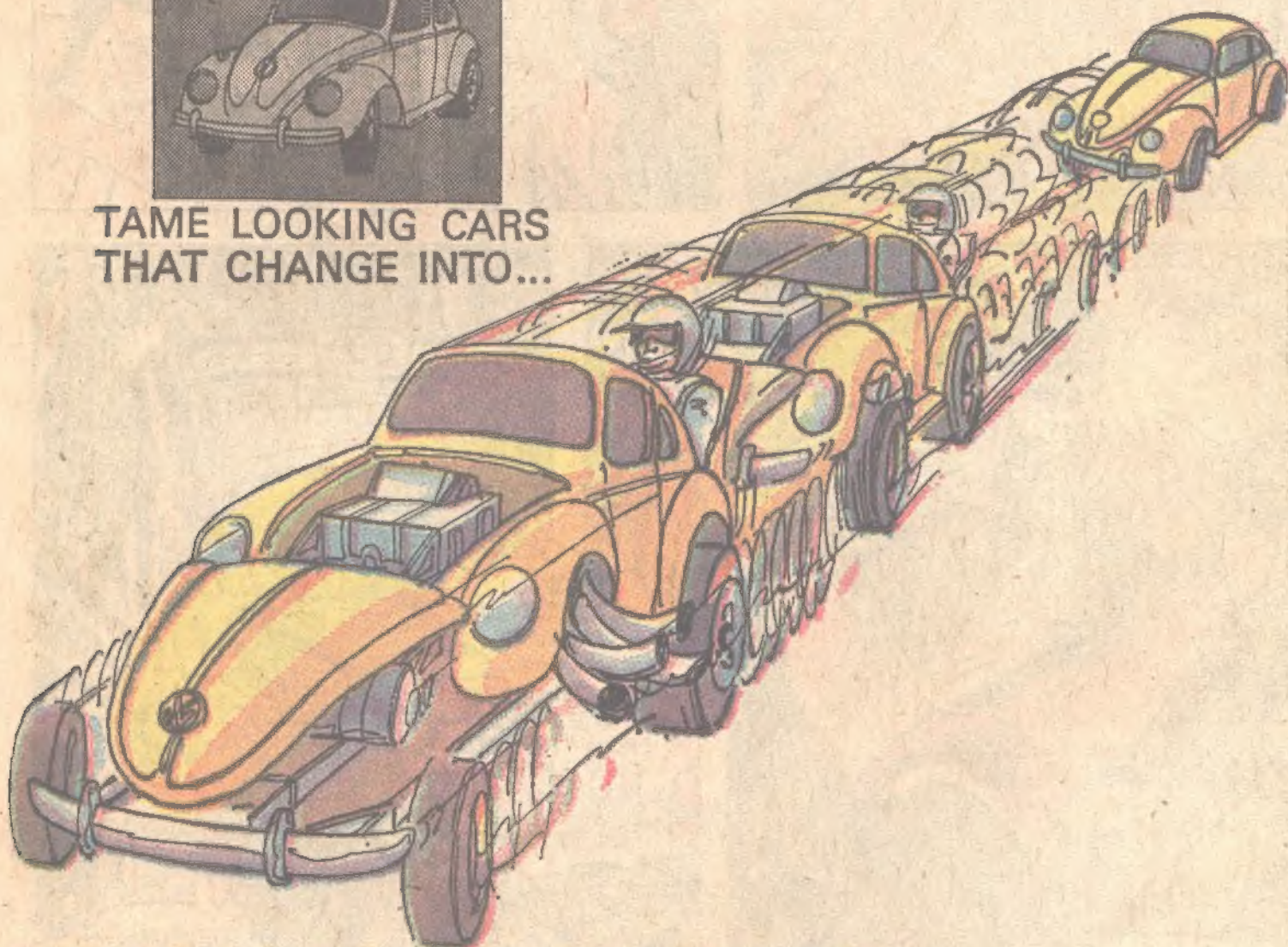
WE WILL
BRING THIS
WORLD TO ITS
KNEES!

CONTINUED ON THE PAGE FOLLOWING

THE IMPOSTERS™



TAME LOOKING CARS
THAT CHANGE INTO...



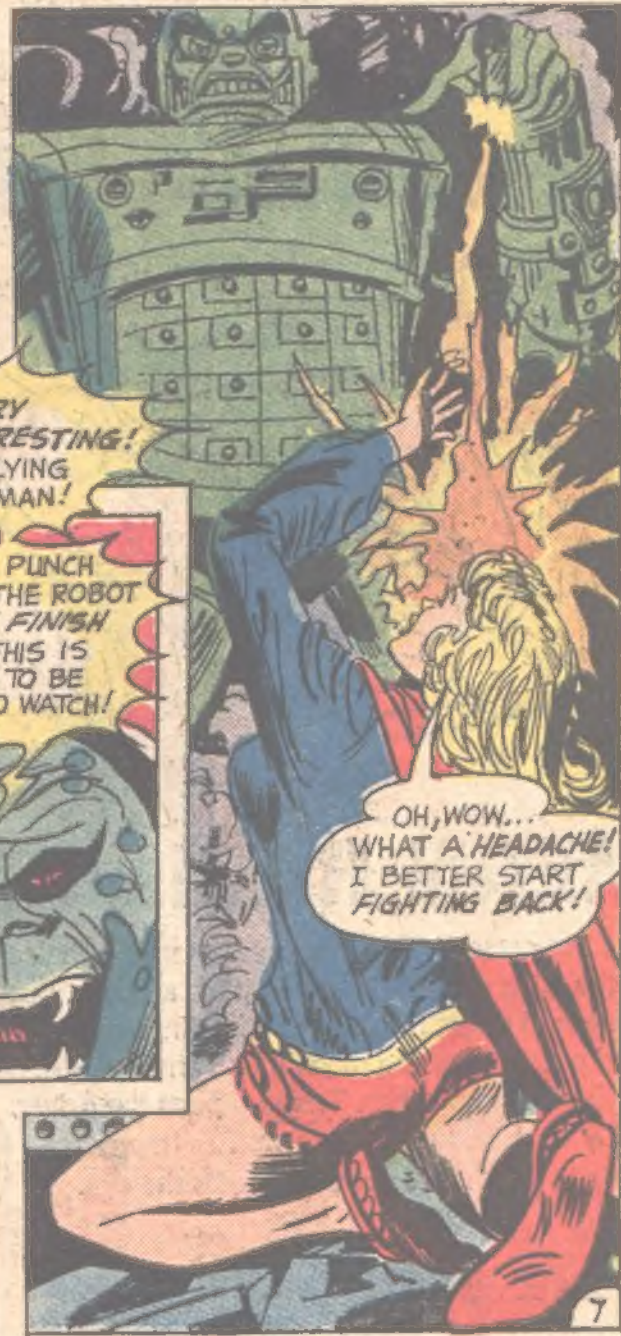
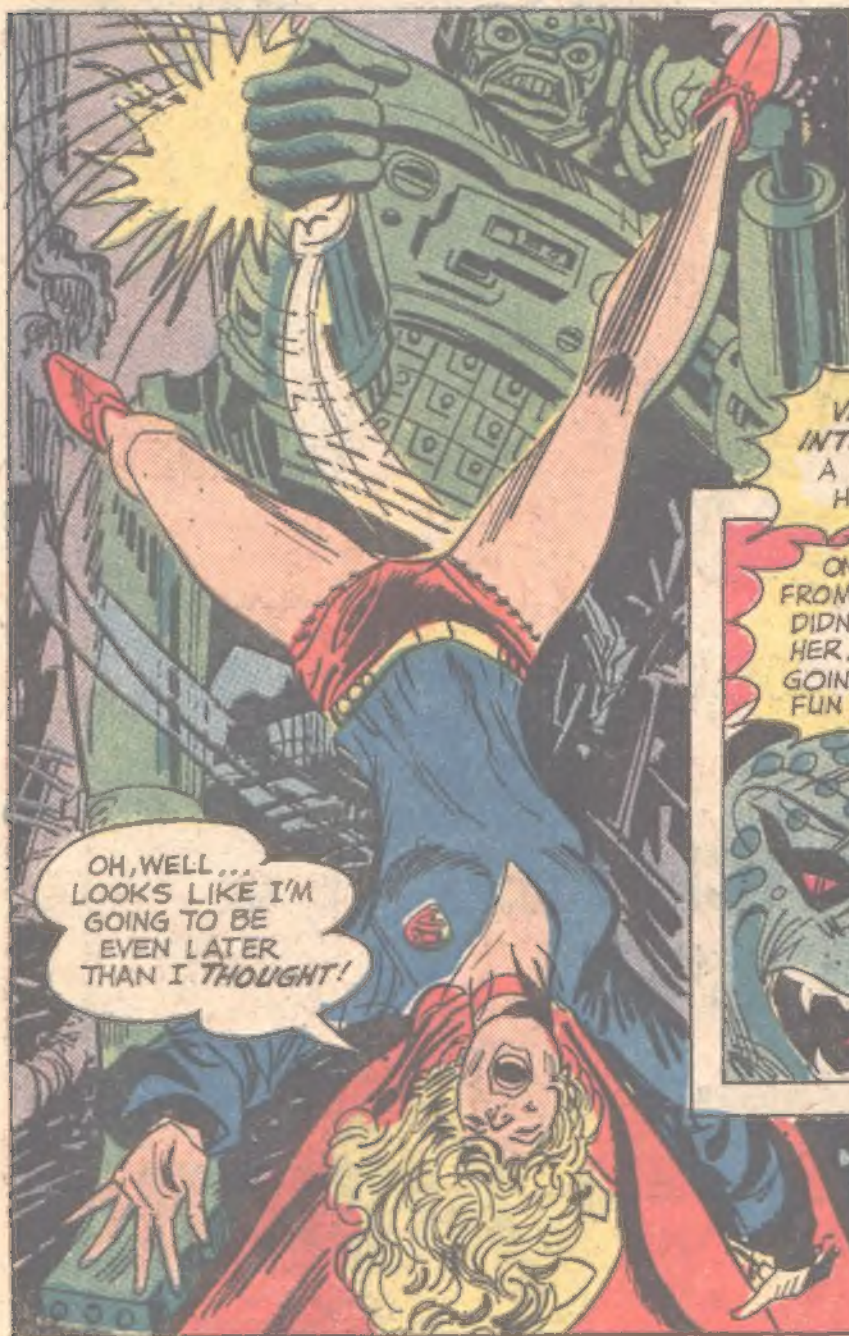
MEAN RACING MACHINES

The Imposters. You have to see them do their stuff. Take hold of the stick shift and get ready for a shock. Suddenly a mild mannered street machine changes into nearly a foot of road gobbling racing machine. Front end out. Engine up, 400 cubes. Then up pops the driver, ready to cut down all comers. The Imposters. They're a lot more car than meets the eye.



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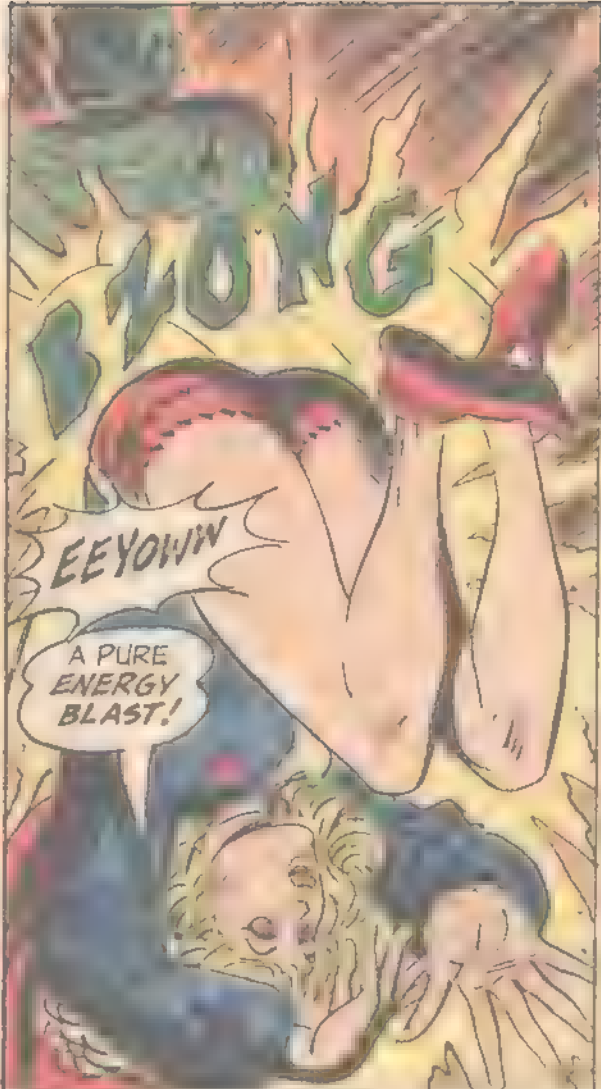




WHERE DID THIS THING COME FROM? A ROBOT WITH **SUPER-STRENGTH!**

EQUIPPED WITH AN ARSENAL OF WEAPONS I NEVER KNEW EXISTED ON EARTH!

UH! OH! THERE GOES HIS FINGER AGAIN!

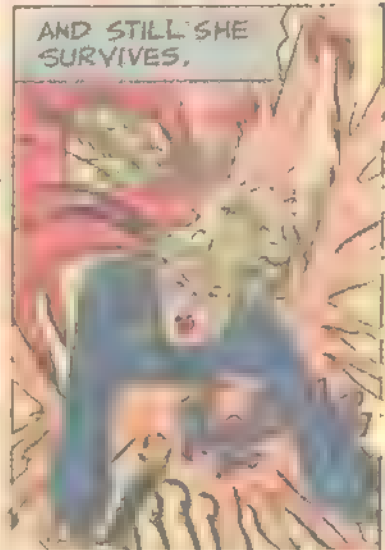


EEYOWW

A PURE ENERGY BLAST!



AGAIN AND AGAIN, THE MAMMOTH MECHANICAL MENACE SHOTS ITS TERRIBLE ENERGY BOLTS



AND STILL SHE SURVIVES.



SHE FALLS AT THE MECHANICAL GIANT'S FEET, SPENT, NUMB... BUT NOT BEATEN!

MY GOD... CANNON BARRELS PROJECTING OUT OF ITS FOOT!



YOWP! IT'S LIKE...



...BEING SHOT...

FROM _____
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____



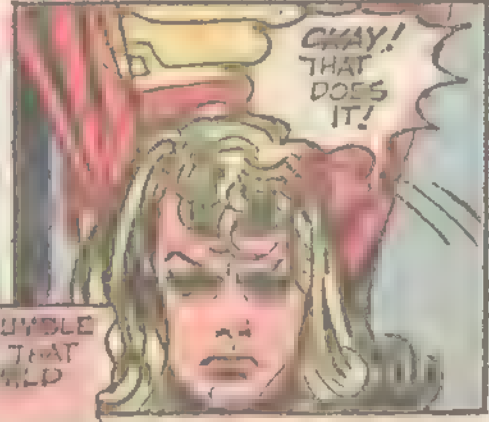
...FROM
A
CANNON...



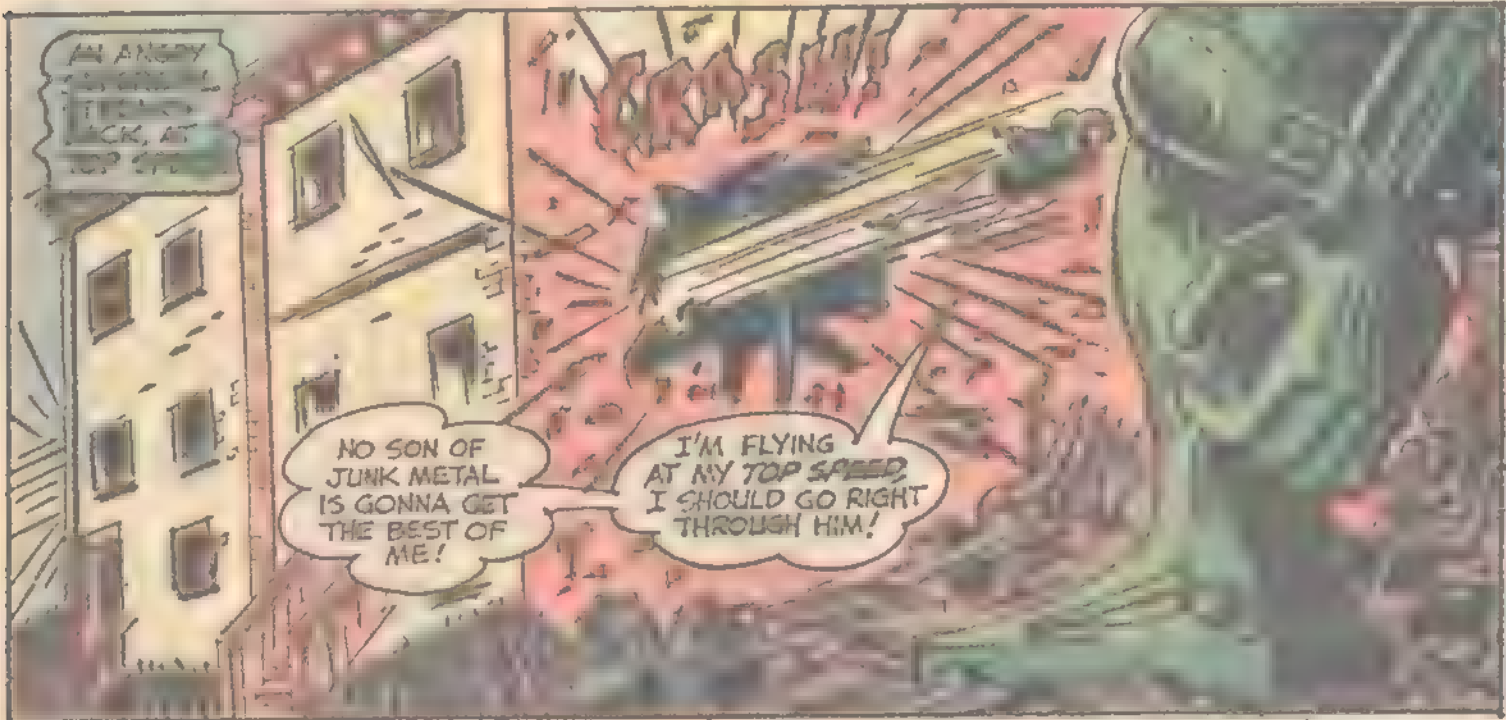
DRAINED,
UNABLE TO
CALL FORTH
ENOUGH
STRENGTH
TO STOP
HERSELF...



...IT IS A HUMBLE
LAMP-POST THAT
ENDS HER WILD
FLIGHT!



CHAY!
THAT
DOES
IT!



AN ANGRY
CAR CRASHES
THROUGH A
BUILDING,
AT
TOP SPEED

NO SON OF
JUNK METAL
IS GONNA GET
THE BEST OF
ME!

I'M FLYING
AT MY TOP SPEED
I SHOULD GO RIGHT
THROUGH HIM!



GOOD
LORD!
DIDN'T EVEN
BLINK A LASH!



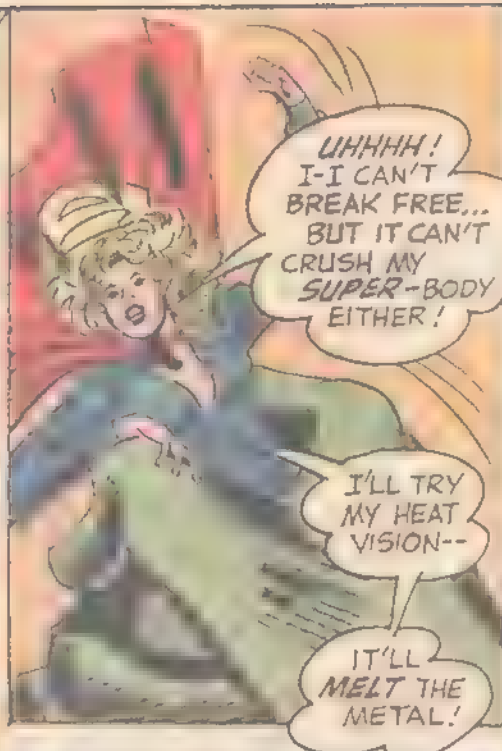
I BETTER THINK
FAST...OR I WON'T
GET TO WORK
UNTIL IT'S TIME
TO LEAVE FOR
LUNCH!



YIPES! NOW
IT'S GOING TO
STEP ON ME!

I BETTER
GET OUT OF
HERE!

COULDN'T SAY THAT DIS-
CRETION IS THE BETTER
PART OF VALOR... IN
THIS INSTANT SUPERGIRL
DOESN'T EVEN GET A
CHANCE TO BE PRUDENT.



UHHHH!
I-I CAN'T
BREAK FREE...
BUT IT CAN'T
CRUSH MY
SUPER-BODY
EITHER!

I'LL TRY
MY HEAT
VISION--

IT'LL
MELT THE
METAL!



IT'S NOT
WORKING... AN
INDESTRUCTIBLE
ALLOY!

WHERE
IS THIS
THING
TAKING
ME?

WOW...
HERE COME
THE FLY BOYS
TO HELP ME
OUT!



DON'T WORRY
ABOUT HITTING
SUPERGIRL...
WE CAN'T
HURT HER!



GOOD GOD!
CRUSHED
LIKE AN
EGG!

I'VE GOT TO
BREAK THIS GRIP...
BEFORE MORE
PEOPLE ARE HURT!



WHAT!?
I CAN'T
BELIEVE IT!
HE'S PULLING
THE KING KONG
BIT!



HEY!
YI-I-I-I--
THIS ROBOT'S POWERS
ARE AMAZING! LIKE
BEING IN A VISE!

NO... UP THE TALL BUILDING IT
STANDS... ITS TERRIBLE TELESCOPIC
ARMS REACHING OUT... GRABBING
... CRUSHING, SWATTING...



SHADES OF
FAY WRAY-----
THE NEXT THING I'LL
FIND OUT THIS THING'S
IN LOVE WITH ME!

THE METAL MONSTER THRASHES
ABOUT LIKE A MAN GONE MAD...
AND YET... THERE CAN BE NO
MADNESS WITHIN THE THING
ITSELF... FOR IT IS BUT A MACHINE
...A TOOL FOR OTHERS...

SUDDENLY, ABOVE THE
MELEE APPEARS A LONE
HELICOPTER...



THERE IT IS,
PROFESSOR AXEL--
YOUR CREATION--
GONE BERSERK!

I HAVE
BEEN A FOOL!



AND NOW
IT IS I WHO
MUST DESTROY
IT!



THESE SPECIAL
ELECTRO-MAGNET
DISKS WILL
PREVENT ME FROM
SLIPPING OFF...

...NOW
TO SHORT
CIRCUIT THE
BRAIN
COMPUTER!

GOOD
LORD!



UGH!
WHAT A WAY
TO GO!

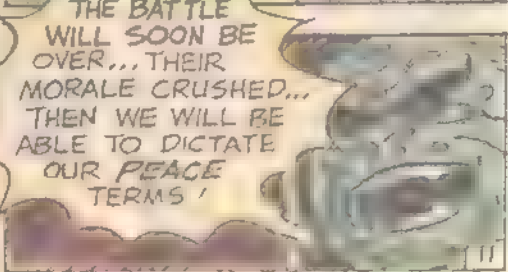


AND SO A STARRY-EYED, BRAVE
FOOL IS KILLED FOR HIS IDEALS,
FOR AT ONE TIME, THIS MONSTER
WAS BUT A DREAM IN PROFES-
SOR AXEL'S EYE! A DREAM OF
PEACE GONE BERSERK!

SORRY
THAT POOR
MAN SACRIFICED
HIS LIFE TRYING
TO HELP ME!



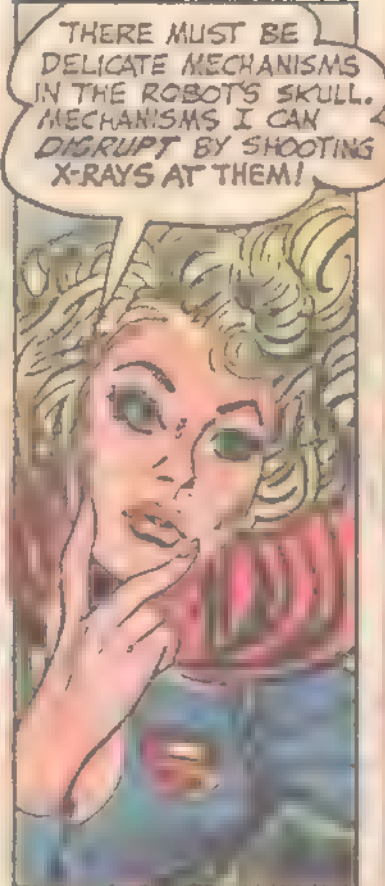
THE BATTLE
WILL SOON BE
OVER... THEIR
MORALE CRUSHED...
THEN WE WILL BE
ABLE TO DICTATE
OUR PEACE
TERMS!



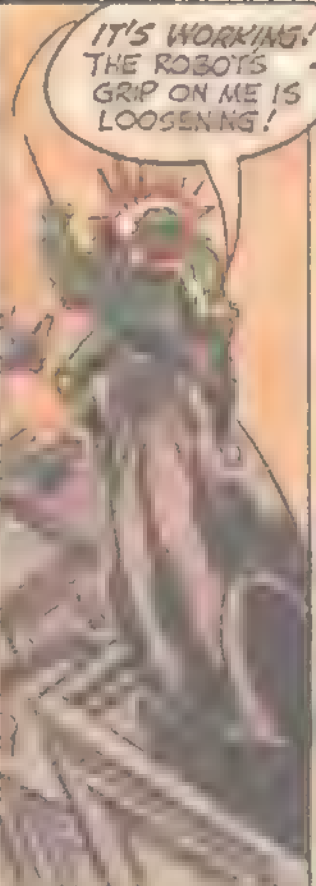


THAT MAN WAS TRYING TO GET INTO THE ROBOT'S HEAD!

WAIT A MINUTE! MY X-RAY VISION!



THERE MUST BE DELICATE MECHANISMS IN THE ROBOT'S SKULL. MECHANISMS I CAN DISRUPT BY SHOOTING X-RAYS AT THEM!



IT'S WORKING! THE ROBOT'S GRIP ON ME IS LOOSENING!

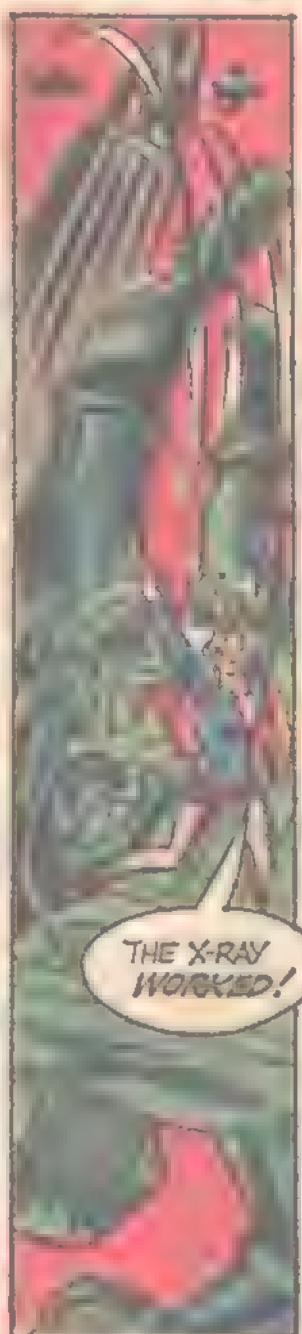


I MUST KEEP CONCENTRATING-- POURING IT ON!

IT SEEMS TO BE GETTING WOOLZY!



IT'S SLIPPING... FALTERING!



THE X-RAY WORKED!



I'VE DONE IT! I'M FREE!

CURSES! WHAT COULD HAVE GONE WRONG? OUR ACTIVATOR WAS PERFECT!

THAT FLYING FEMALE MUST HAVE CAUSED IT!

FLYING



LOOK, GEOFF...
ARE YOU RUNNING A
CONCENTRATION CAMP?
I WENT TO THE DOCTOR'S...
SO DOCK ME A DAY'S
PAY!

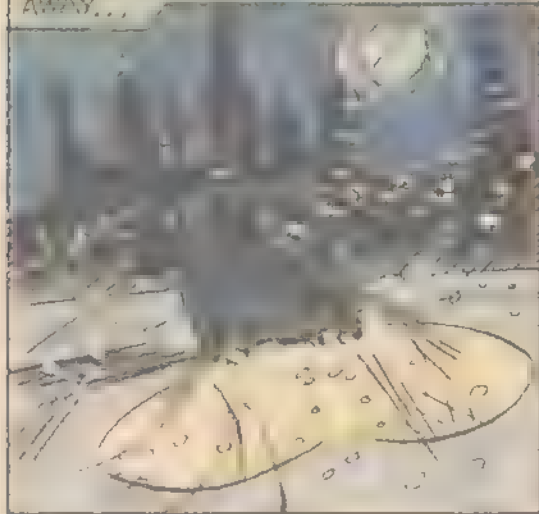
A RAMPAGING
MONSTER ROBOT...
SUPERGIRL IN THE
FIGHT OF HER LIFE...
AND YOU HAVE TO GO
TO THE DOCTOR...TO
GET YOUR FRAIL
LITTLE BODY
CHECKED OUT!

BIG DEAL!!

FORGET IT,
GEOFF... SHE'S
A GOOF-OFF!

LET'S YOU
AND ME GO
TO LUNCH!

DAYS PASS... BECOMING WEEKS...
THEN, ONE EVENING, AS AN OLD
TRUCK BUMPS AND SLIDES ALONG
A SNOWY ROAD, HALF A WORLD
AWAY...

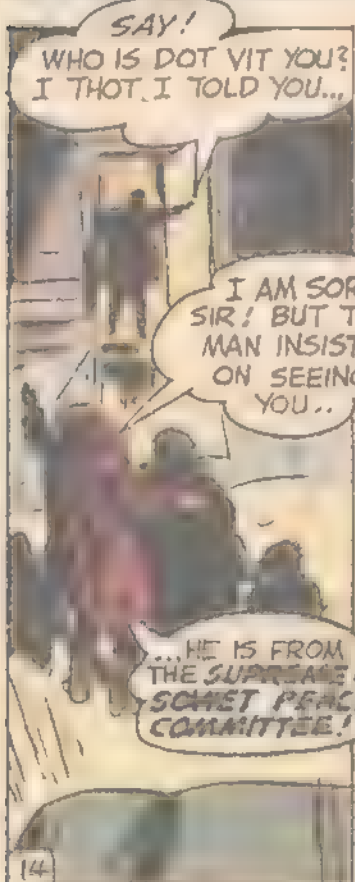


EXCUSE US,
COMRADE!



OUR CAR BROKE DOWN
A VAYS BACK! UND VE
VER VUNDERING...

A RIDE?
DO CLIMB IN!



SAY!
WHO IS DOT VIT YOU?
I THOT I TOLD YOU...

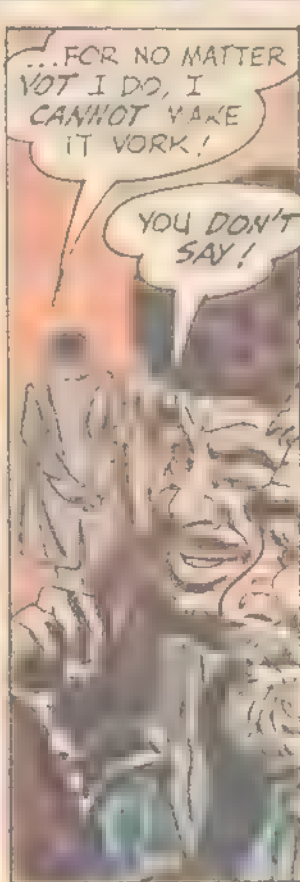
I AM SORRY,
SIR! BUT THIS
MAN INSISTED
ON SEEING
YOU..

...HE IS FROM
THE SUPREME
SOVIET PEACE
COMMITTEE!



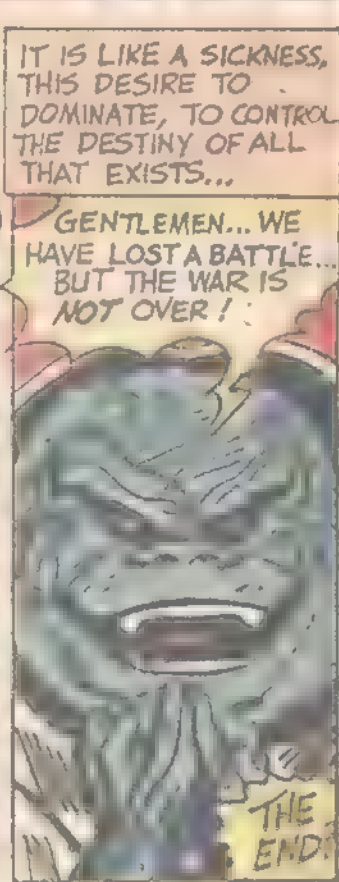
AAH!
PROFESSOR
ZLOTSKY...
IT IS TREMENDOUS!

YES! A
TREMENDOUS
PILE OF JUNK!



...FOR NO MATTER
VOT I DO, I
CANNOT MAKE
IT WORK!

YOU DON'T
SAY!



IT IS LIKE A SICKNESS,
THIS DESIRE TO
DOMINATE, TO CONTROL
THE DESTINY OF ALL
THAT EXISTS...

GENTLEMEN... WE
HAVE LOST A BATTLE...
BUT THE WAR IS
NOT OVER!

THE
END



There is no imagination in this game! You get the real, exact battlefields and the rules on how to locate, occupy and destroy the enemy. This isn't just another juvenile game. It is actually played and enjoyed by over 2,000,000 people in living quarters, it is the most famous game in the world.

TASK FORCE

- 2 GIANT BATTLEFIELDS a total size of 3 square feet (6x Islands in the Pacific Ocean Beautifully colored)
- 10 PIECE TASK FORCE IN GRAY & GREEN
 - 4 AIRCRAFT CARRIERS
 - 4 DESTROYERS
 - 4 BATTLESHIPS
 - 16 TANKS WITH MOVEABLE TURRETS
 - 24 PILL BOXES
- 24 PLANES
- 8 LANDING BARGES
- 4 HEADQUARTERS

These unbreakable 3-D miniature plastic toys are authentically scaled and each is carefully proportioned to the great battlefields.

375 RED MARKERS—enough to record the massive bombings and shelling.

Simple directions for a tense battle on land or sea. The general best able to strategize place his forces and direct his fleet. This is the only survival of the fittest battle.

A tank is a creature of war. It is a killing machine. It is a killing machine that prey on any helpless enemy. But it can be stopped with courage and daring. You are the "We built in this."

TANK TRAP

A COMPLETE GAME WITH

★ 410 SOLDIERS

★ 100 COIN-OPERATED

★ 10 TANKS

★ 100 COIN-OPERATED

★ 10 TANKS

★ 2 TANKS

★ 100 COIN-OPERATED

★ 10 TANKS

INTRODUCED BY

TANKS ACTUALLY

EXPLODING

BLOCKING APART RIGHT OFF THE PANDORNIC BATTLE FIELD

HELEN OF TOY, CO.
COMMACK, NEW YORK 11725

NO C.O.D.'s
DEPT. 254-J5

Please RUSH me the item(s) I have checked I have added the proper postage & price and enclosed the correct total. I may return each item in 10 days for a refund if they don't beat games costing 3¢ as much.

- ☐ TASK FORCE COMPLETE GAME \$1.69
- ☐ SPECIAL II Complete Game and 38 extra toys (total of 176 toys) \$2.39

- ☐ TANK TRAP COMPLETE GAME \$1.59
- ☐ SPECIAL II Complete Game plus 6 extra exploding tanks \$2.19

★ A 10¢ stage to each new headband ★
★ A 10¢ stage to each new headband ★
★ A 10¢ stage to each new headband ★

TO GET THE BEST OF THE GAME, PLEASE DON'T DELAY YOUR ORDER.

THE VIGILANTE in *RODEO OF DEATH*

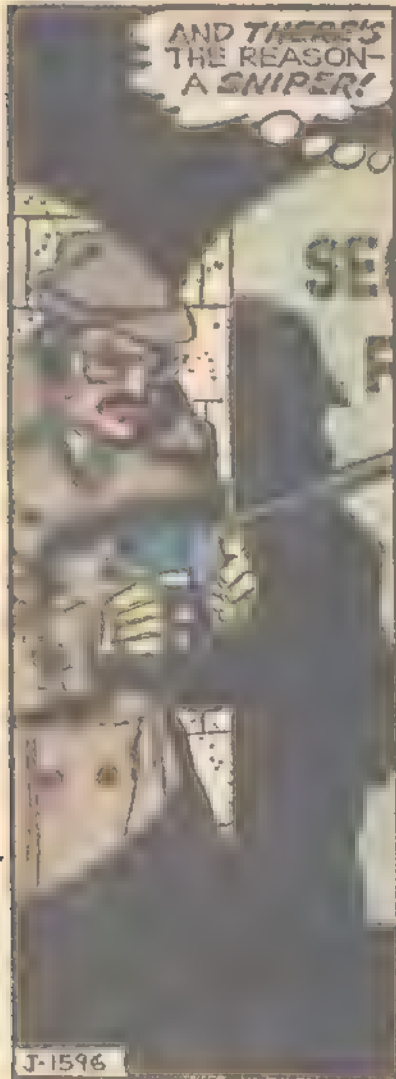
THRASHING HOOVES, HOOTS AND HOLLERS, THUNDERING APPLAUSE... THE RODEO IS IN TOWN! THE VIGILANTE WATCHES WITH ENVY, HOW LONG SINCE HE'S BROKEN A BRONC? NEW YORK IS A LONG WAY FROM THE RANCE, TIMES HAVE CHANGED, AND SO HAVE RODEOS.



UH OH!
THERE
GOES
HIS
HORSE!

STORY: BILL
MEREDITH
ART: GRAY
MORROW

AND THERE'S
THE REASON—
A SNIPER!



WHY HE'D SHOOT
THAT HORSE IS
SOMETHING I
AIM TO FIND
OUT!



LOOKS LIKE I GOT
A HERO ON MY
HANDS. OKAY,
HERO...



...LET'S PUT YOU IN
FOR A *PURPLE*
HEART!





THE FIRST BULLET FINDS ITS TARGET...



...BUT IT'S THE SECOND SHOT
OF STEEL THAT REALLY PUTS
THE KILLS-DE!



VIGILANTE COULD FEEL
THE BLOODY TRICKLE OF
HIS WOUND, HIS VISION
WAS HAZY... HIS LEGS
WERE LIKE BUTTER!
ONLY HIS EARS
RESPONDED. THERE
WAS NO MISTAKING
THE THUNDER HE
HEARD. *STAMPEDE!*



...CAN'T
MOVE...

A HAND REACHED TOWARD HIM, SHOUTS
CLATTERING INTO THE NUMBNESS OF HIS
BRAIN...

QUICK PARTNER, GRAB
MY HAND...



...THOSE BRAHMAS ARE MEANING TO *DURY*
US!



MOMENTS LATER...

NOPE, YOU'RE NOT IN HEAVEN, PARTNER. BUT YOU CAME PRETTY CLOSE.

I'M PAPPY SIMMS. THIS HERE'S MY BOY PHOENIX.

IT'S OUR RODEO. HOW'RE YOU FEELIN', SON?

LIKE SOMEBODY BRANDED ME. WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

RELAX FRIEND, COME ON IN AND MEET THE BOYS.

POLECAT, RAMROD, SAY HELLO TO...

VIGILANTE WILL DO. HOWDY!

I THOUGHT ALL COWBOYS TRAVELED LIGHT!

NOT THESE SADDLE SHINERS, BUB. THEY GOTTA HAVE STEREO WITH THEIR SAGEBRUSH.

WE EVEN GOT A TRANSPONDER SYSTEM TO KEEP TRACK OF THE VEHICLES AND THE CRITTERS, IF THEY GET LOST.

TRANSPONDER? THAT'S FANCY EQUIPMENT!

SIMPLE THOUGH, YOU CLIP IT ONTO WHATEVER YOU WANT TO FOLLOW, AND A COMPUTER RELAYS THE POSITION.

YOU'VE GOT QUITE A REP AS A DO-GOODER, VIGILANTE. DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'D BE INTERESTED IN THE TROUBLES OF...

WHEN I GET SHOT AT-- I GET INTERESTED!



THREE DAYS AGO I GET A CALL FROM THE CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE FOR RACIAL AND SOCIAL HARMONY...

CRASH FOR SHORT!



"I FIGURE IT'S A CHARITY PITCH UNTIL THIS SNAKE TELLS ME TO..."



GET YOUR RODEO OUT OF TOWN, MR. SIMMS.

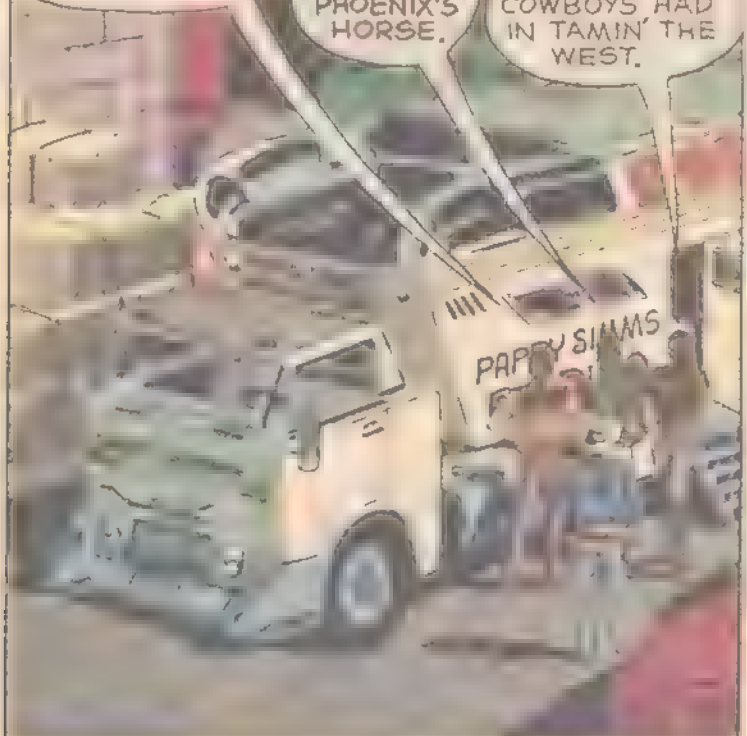
OUR COMMITTEE TOOK A VOTE AND DECIDED THERE WERE NO SUCH THING AS BLACK COWBOYS! WE DON'T WANT TO MISLEAD ALL THOSE KIDS WHO COME TO SEE YOU, DO WE, MR. SIMMS? GUESS YOU'VE MADE A MISTAKE. I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR, MR. SIMMS?



TWO OF OUR "PRIZE BRAHMAS WERE POISONED DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY.

THEN, TONIGHT, THAT SNIPER SHOOT'S PHOENIX'S HORSE.

WHOLE POINT OF THIS TOUR IS TO PUBLICIZE JUST HOW B.G. A PART BLACK COWBOYS HAD IN TAMIN' THE WEST.



I OWE YOU A BIG ONE, PHOENIX... AND I'LL DO WHAT I CAN TO HELP!

THANKS, V.G. COME ON OVER TO THE SHOW TOMORROW AND KEEP AN EYE ON THINGS.

BUT DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT TONIGHT... GET A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP!



OK, PARTNER
I JUST MIGHT
DO THAT.

BUT ALL THE
WAY BACK TO
THE HOTEL,
THE VETERAN
DOES WON'T
REALIZING
COWBOY IS MORE
THAN JUST A
GROUP OF
CITIZENS
MISLED BY
THEIR
PREJUDICE...

THESE ARE
PROFESSIONAL
KILLERS WHO
WON'T STOP AT
SHOOTING
JUST HORSES!

WE'RE THROUGH TAKING POT SHOTS AT
ANIMALS! I WANT PHOENIX SIMMS
BROUGHT HERE!



WE'LL LET *HIM* DECIDE. EITHER HE GETS
HIS PHONY COWBOYS...



...OR HE'LL STAY HERE FOR
GOOD... IN PIECES!
UNDERSTAND?

WE
UNDERSTAND,
MR. CHAIRMAN.



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THE END OF THE SKINNY BODY.



GAINS UP TO 16 POUNDS IN 14 DAYS—

adds 2 1/4" to each arm, 2 1/4" to his chest!

Walter Hagg of Burlington VT reported these fantastic gains in 14 days! Gains 16 pounds added 2 1/4" to each arm, 2 1/4" to his chest! See what's fresher, more exciting, fun going body he now has! He says "All I did was follow the plan and drink a Crash Weight Formula #7 and the improvement made in just 14 days!" Shouldn't this happen to you?

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Weight Gaining and Muscle Building Course. This 41 page illustrated Guide sent FREE with each Crash-Weight Formula #7 Kit. Crammed with step-by-step instructions in muscle building and weight gaining basics. Armed with all the latest ideas and how to adapt them for your own personal, fun-going weight gains!

Fill in this Gain-A-Pound-A-Day-on Your-Money-Back Guarantee Coupon

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Private Distributors, Inc.
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Check Plan & Flavor Desired:

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☐ 14-Day Supply...\$14.95 ☐ Vanilla

If it doesn't work, I want my money back. OK?

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Address _____

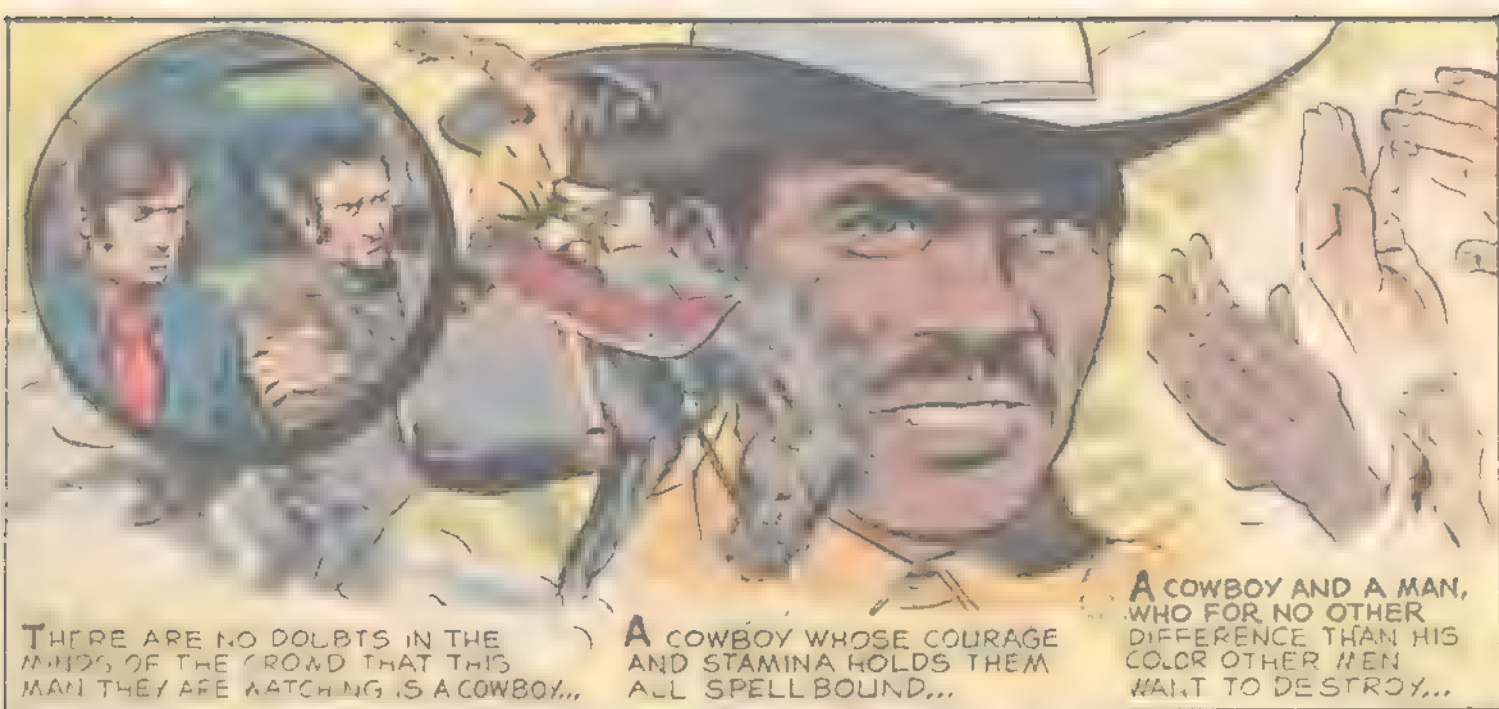
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	APO or FPO	N.Y. or S.F.
Crash-Weight (7 Day)	.80	\$1.75
CRASH-WEIGHT (14 Day)	1.10	2.75



THERE ARE NO DOUBTS IN THE MINDS OF THE CROWD THAT THIS MAN THEY ARE WATCHING IS A COWBOY...

A COWBOY WHOSE COURAGE AND STAMINA HOLDS THEM ALL SPELL BOUND...

A COWBOY AND A MAN, WHO FOR NO OTHER DIFFERENCE THAN HIS COLOR OTHER MEN WANT TO DESTROY...



HERE HE COMES.

REMEMBER, THE CHARMAN WANTS HIM ALIVE.



NOW!

OKAY, COWBOY... LET'S SEE HOW YOU LIKE OUR HOSPITALITY!



JUST AS I FIGURED. SOONER OR LATER THEY HAD TO MAKE THEIR MOVE. HOPE PAPPY GETS THAT NOTE I LEFT HIM.



THEY CAN'T SEE THIS INFRA-RED BEAM, BUT WITH THESE SPECIAL GOGGLES I CAN FOLLOW WITHOUT ENDANGERING PHOENIX.

HERE'S YOUR PIGEON, MR. CHAIRMAN.

THIS IS ONE **BAG** HE DIDN'T LIKE BEING IN! HA/HA!

THEY'VE GOT PHOENIX IN THE PENTHOUSE. FIRST I'LL RELEASE THE AUTOMATIC LOCK CONTROL ON THE DOORS UP THERE!

YOUR SHOW IS MAKING A MOCKERY OF THE WEST. IT'S BAD FOR THE **HARMONY** OF THE SYSTEM, MR. SIMMS.

HARMONY? ISN'T THAT WHERE YOUR PEOPLE WRITE THE MUSIC, AND MY PEOPLE SING THE SONG?

...SOMEBODY MIGHT NOTICE THE ELEVATOR COMING UP, SO I'LL TAKE THIS CABLE INSTEAD...

WOULDN'T WANT TO SPOIL THE SURPRISE!

HEY! SOMEBODY KNOCKING FROM INSIDE THE ELEVATOR? WHO THE...

FROM
DC

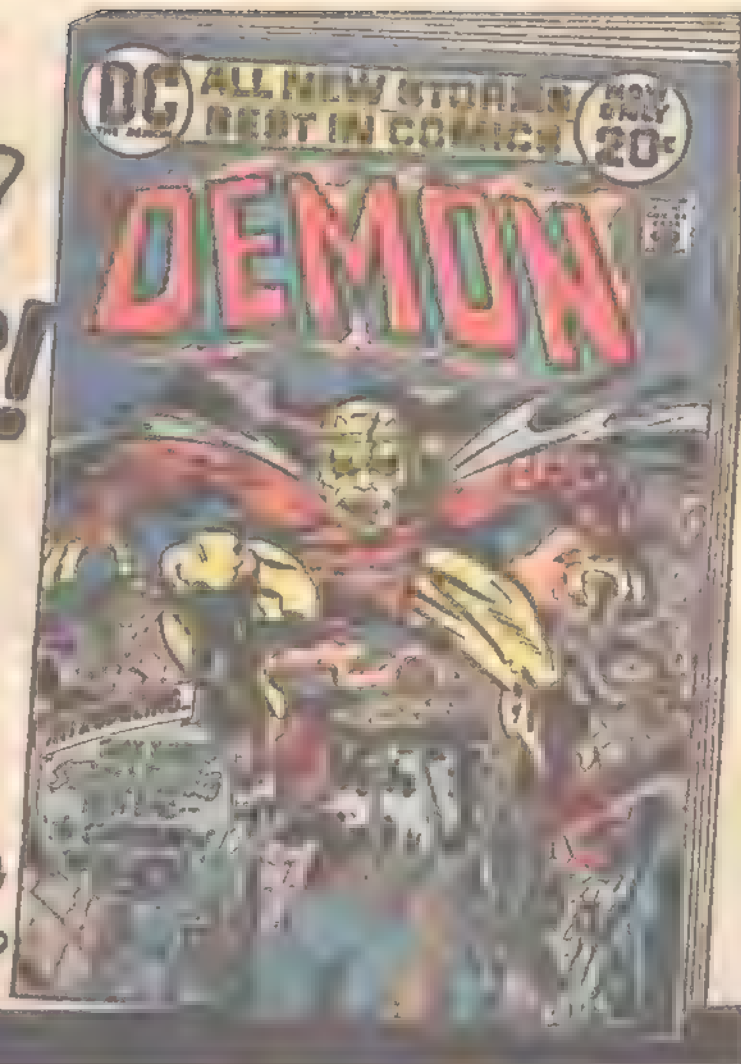
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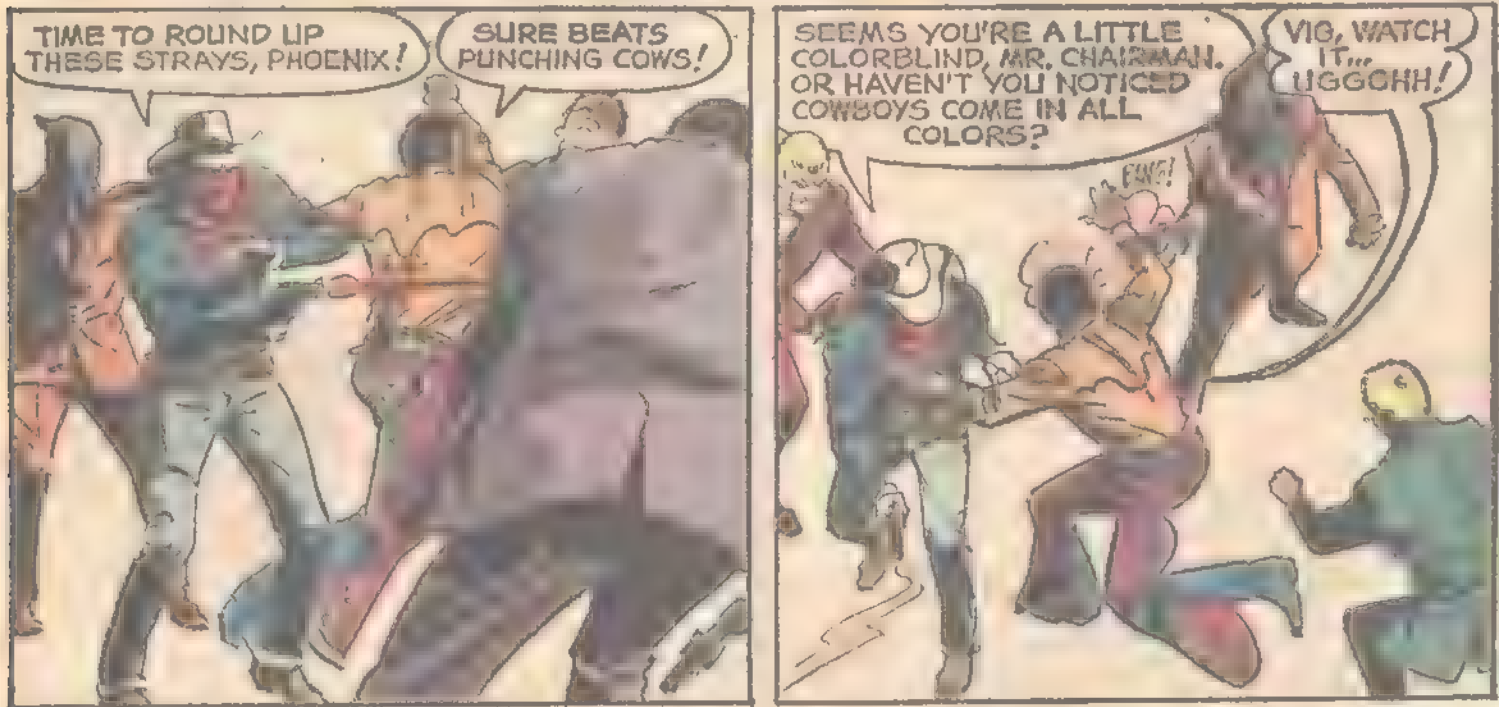
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THIS ONE'S DEAD, MR. CHAIRMAN.

BUT... YOU SAID THERE'D BE NO KILLING! WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

IT'S OBVIOUS, ISN'T IT? WE'RE SAFE AS LONG AS THERE ARE NO WITNESSES.

SIMMS SHOULD'VE LISTENED TO REASON. BLAME HIM. BUT THAT'S HOW IT GOES...
PARTNER...

A close-up of a character wearing a dark, textured hood with a white skull emblem on the front. The character's eyes are visible through the hood's eye holes, looking directly at the viewer with a serious expression. The background is a blurred indoor setting with a window and some furniture.

MAYBE NOT, YOU DIRTY RATTLER! GET 'EM, BOYS!



MAYBE NOT, YOU DIRTY RATTLER! GET 'EM, BOYS!

NEAT IDEA HOOKING THAT TRANSPONDER UNIT TO YOURSELF, VIGILANTE.

FOLLOWING YOU WAS EASIER THAN A WRANGLER TRACKING STRAYS!

9

MAYBE NOT, YOU DIRTY RATTLER! GET 'EM, BOYS!

NEAT IDEA HOOKING THAT TRANSPONDER UNIT TO YOURSELF, VIGILANTE.

FOLLOWING YOU WAS EASIER THAN A WRANGLER TRACKING STRAYS!

9

WE GOT A
SHOWDOWN
COMING,
MISTER!



FOR ONE BRIEF INSTANT VIGILANTE'S
LARIAT GOES TAUT...



... THEN SLACK... AND A LONG
SCREAM REVERBERATES THROUGH
THE STEEL AND CONCRETE
CANYONS.

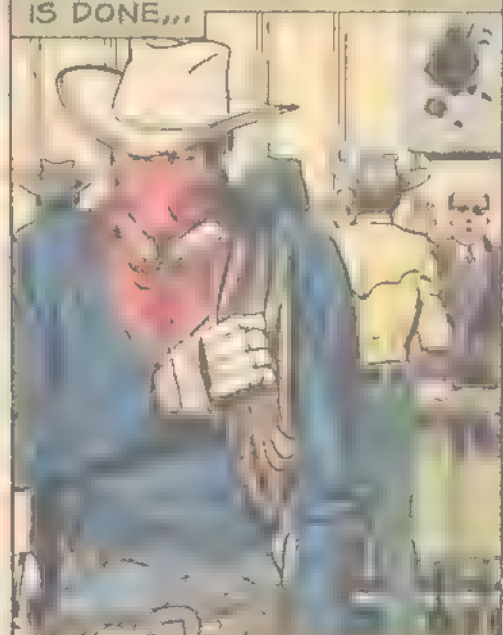


THE BROKEN
GLASS.. IT
CUT THE ROPE!

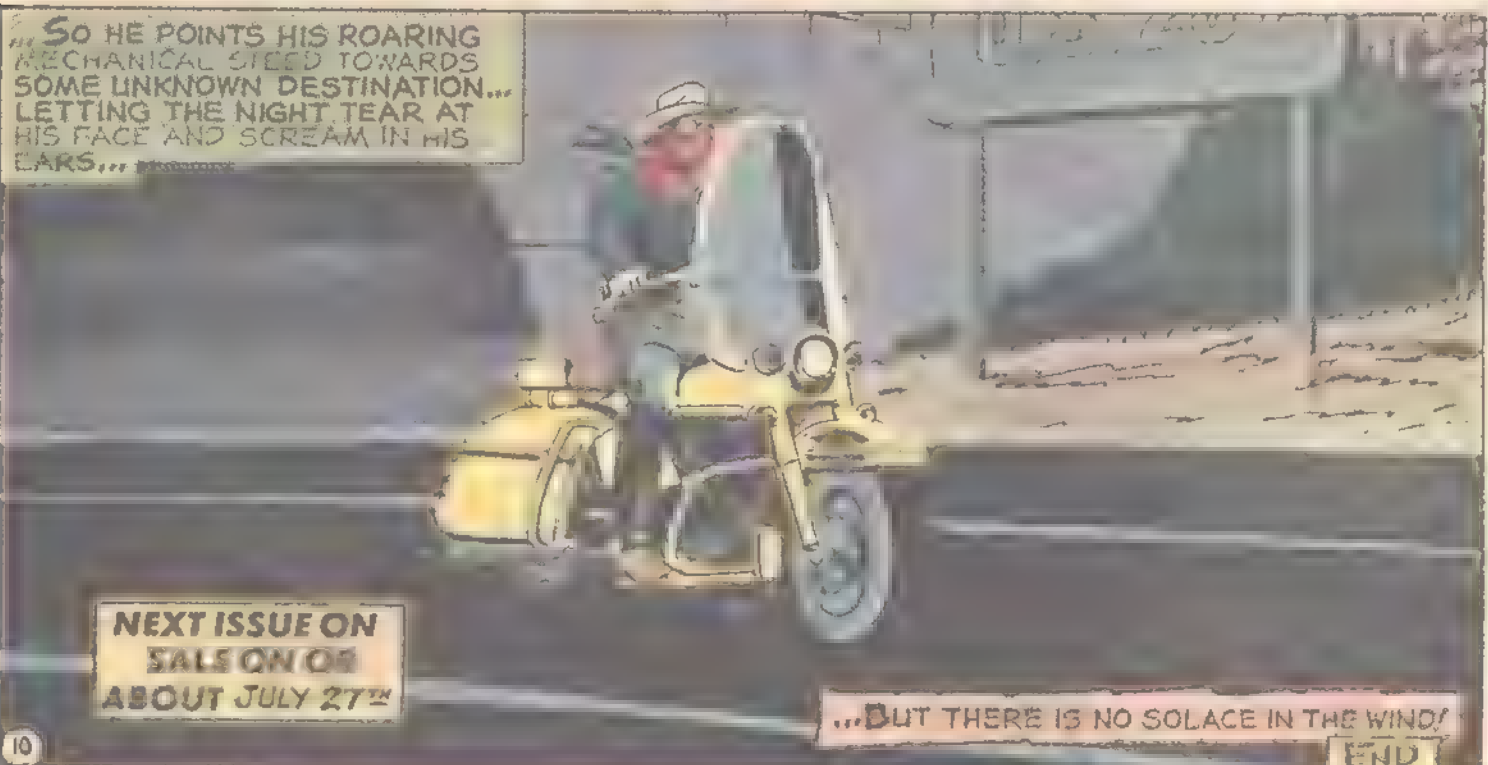
THERE ARE NO WORDS...
NO WHISPERS. PAPPY'S
TEARS SAY IT ALL.



THE ANGER CAGED WITHIN
BEGS FOR RELEASE...
BUT THE VIOLENCE HERE
IS DONE...



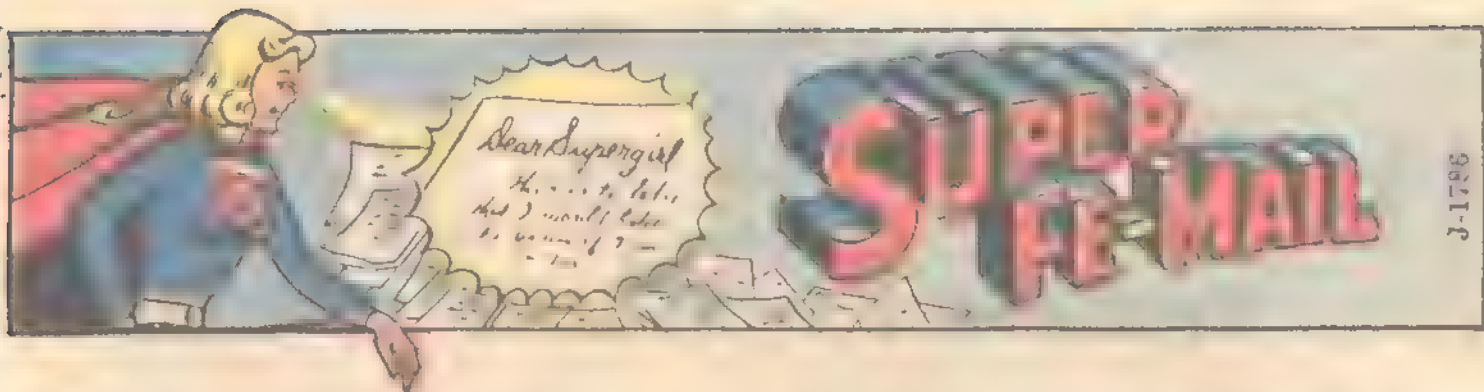
SO HE POINTS HIS ROARING
MECHANICAL STEED TOWARDS
SOME UNKNOWN DESTINATION...
LETTING THE NIGHT TEAR AT
HIS FACE AND SCREAM IN HIS
EARS...



NEXT ISSUE ON
SALE ON OR
ABOUT JULY 27TH

... BUT THERE IS NO SOLACE IN THE WIND!

END



Dear Editor:

I must admit that I bought *Adventure* #418 mainly because it featured a new *Dr. Mid-Nite* story. However, strangely enough, the *Supergirl* story took first place, for reasons which I shall now explain.

Let me make it clear that there was nothing especially astounding about "Face of the Dragon." Actually, it was a pretty cut-and-dried, formula-written story, complete with *Dragon Tong*—one of the most over-used crime syndicates in comics. What *did* make the story enjoyable was *Jonny Double*.

For a long time after I read this story, I sat back, trying to figure out just what it is about *J.D.* that so appeals to me. He's not strong, and he's not particularly smart, either. As a matter of fact, he talks in clichés ("She steps across the room on spun-silk legs . . ."), and tries to come off like *Sam Spade*, while sounding more like *Maxwell Smart*. And that's what's so great about him.

Jonny Double's strongest—and only—selling point is that he is *stupid*. I mean that. He blunders into traps, gets himself captured, and in general does idiotic things. But he always (with a little bit of help from someone else) manages to come out on top.

Please keep him that way. Don't make him another mental wizard or private eye with herculean strength. Keep *J.D.* as incompetent as he is, and keep him mouthing those clichés, and I think he'll be fun to read for a long time.

The *Black Canary* story, sad to say, was an utter waste. Basically, it was just an eight-page fight scene, with no plot at all. Alex Toth has turned out some fine art in his time, but this story looked as though it was whacked out in about half an hour.

Irony of ironies! The *Doc Mid-Nite* story, the reason I bought the mag, was almost no good at all. The completely improbable situations that dominated a lot of the late '40's stories were present here, too. The art was very good, though. Whether it was due to Sal Amendola's inks or surprisingly good art for that time, I can't say.

Collecting comics—never a dull moment!

Mike W. Barr, Akron, Ohio

(You'll be happy to know that the scripting of *Wonder Woman*—featuring *Jonny Double*—is now in the capable hands of the noted sci-fi writer Samuel R. Delaney. Look for some fine writing from "Chip" Delaney. —E.N.B.)

Dear Editor:

Jonny Double sure gets around! First *Showcase*, then *Challengers* and *Wonder Woman*, and now *Adventure*. Well, it figures—with both *Jonny* and *Supergirl* in San Francisco, sooner or later they had to meet! And "The Face of the Dragon" made that meeting a memorable one.

The Chinese terrorists weren't really much of a problem for *Supergirl* (She hasn't lost her powers for quite a while), but the inclusion of *Dr. Tzin-Tzin* was a nice touch. I'm afraid, however, that your colorist has made what was referred to in Mort Weisinger's day as a "boo-boo." In the story that introduced *Tzin* (*Detective* 354), Commissioner Gor-

don stated, "He's really an American—an orphan found years ago by Chinese bandits and raised by them!" So what, may I ask, is he doing with yellow skin? (For that matter, I've never seen any Oriental with skin that color, but I suppose it's tradition.)

The *Black Canary* story was pretty good, though I can't see why *BC* needs a new job. What ever happened to the teaching job at *Meadowhill School*? It was much more original—and richer in plot possibilities—than this issue's judo-instructing position. Besides, I'm a conservative—I don't think super-heroes should do paid work (except for charity) in their costumed identities. Alex Toth's work is acceptable, but I wish he'd use more detail—particularly on *BC's* wig.

Richard H. Morrissey, Framingham, Mass.

(Last we saw of *Meadowhill*, little Sybil had whammed most of it into a pile of rubble. As for *Tzin-Tzin*, what makes you think all Americans have white skin? Okay, we know he'd been around before, and his skin was white! But we figure he had a bad case of yellow jaundice. —E.N.B.)

Dear Editor:

After a cover reminiscent of *JLA* #9, the lead story of *Adventure* #418 moves downhill, vertically. I'm sorry, gumshoe fans, but *Jonathan Sebastian Double* is so tritely hard-boiled that he's poached. Lines like "She's been hurt . . . and somehow, that hurts me, too" and "As I make the warehouse—and grab myself some shadow" can certainly grab you, like moss. Of course, there is that contemplative remark of *Supergirl's*: "I wonder, *Jonny*! Somehow, I think we'll hear from him again." Such a line is fine for *The Batman*, not for *Supergirl*, who could use her X-ray vision to at least look for *Tzin-Tzin's* body, all illusions considered.

The whole *Black Canary* story seemed like an introduction to something else, but I like the logo. I was never a great admirer of Alex Toth's work, but I'm willing to give it a chance to sink in.

I feel the biggest plus in the whole issue was the splash showing *Dr. Mid-Nite* riding a chariot alongside the thug-bearing automobile. "The Sight Stealers" was a good 1940's story, with the main ingredients of that era: a costumed hero, workable props (the chariot, the antique bicycle) and a group of scurpuss hoods outclassed by the hero with a light-year to spare. Please accept my kudos for the echo-flashlight and Mr. Amendola's inks.

David Dasch, Brooklyn, N.Y.

(So Mike Barr loves the *Supergirl* tale and hates the *Dr. Mid-Nite* one; you dig the *Doc*, but thumbs-down the *Supergirl*. Well, you pay your money and you take your choice. —E.N.B.)

Our publisher tells us we have to keep filling up these pages with letters every month, so we need your letters—otherwise we'll have to start writing to ourselves. Please send your comments on this ish to *SUPER FE-MAIL*, National Periodical Publications, 909 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

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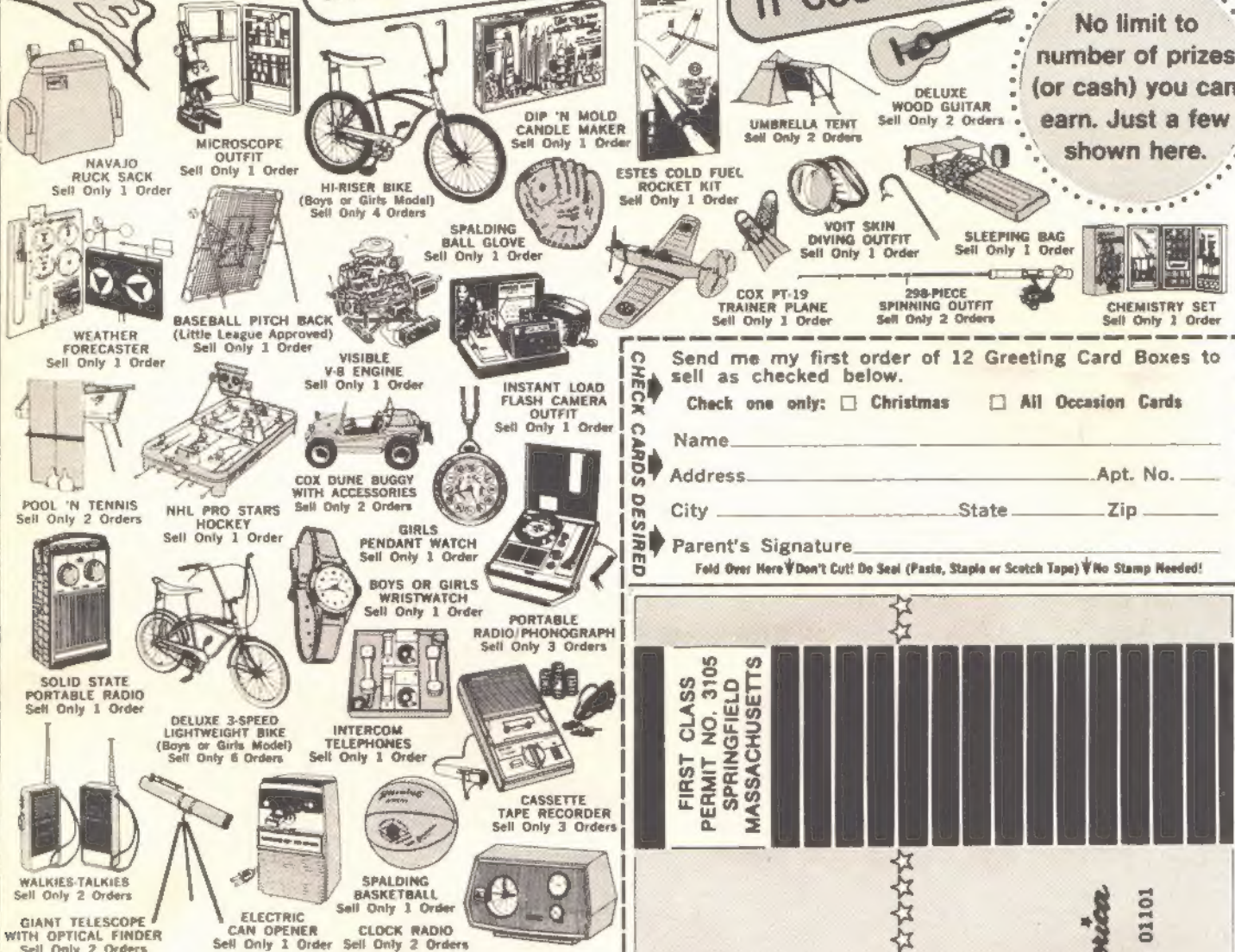
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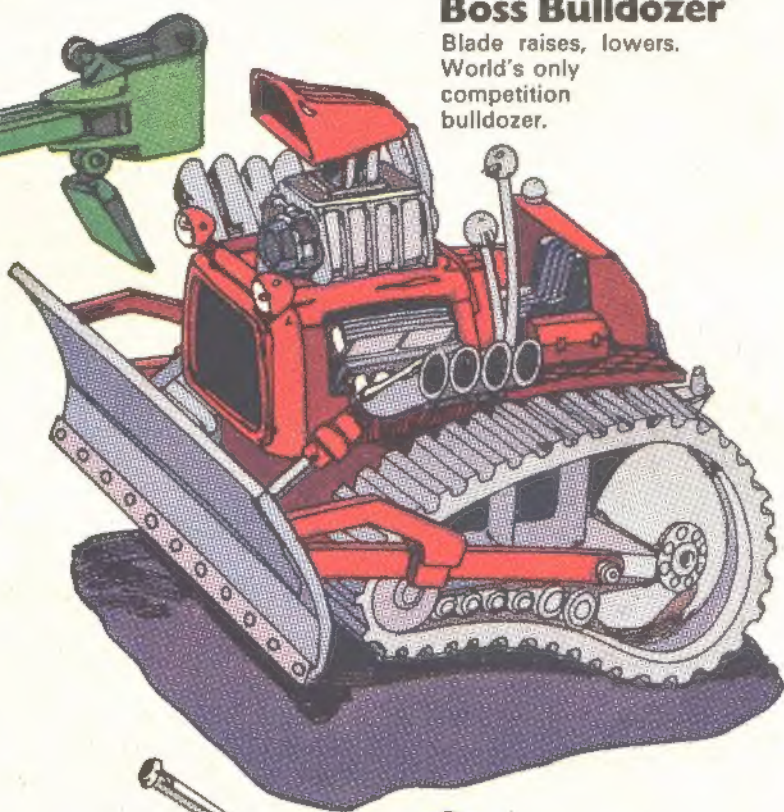
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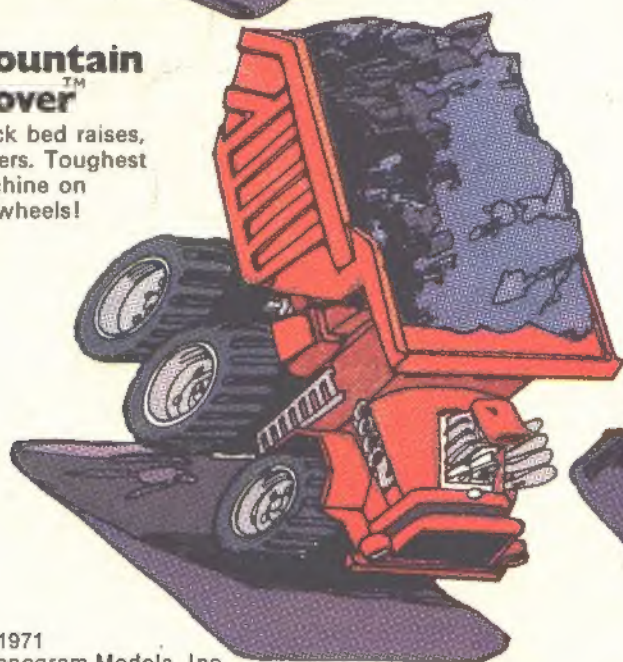
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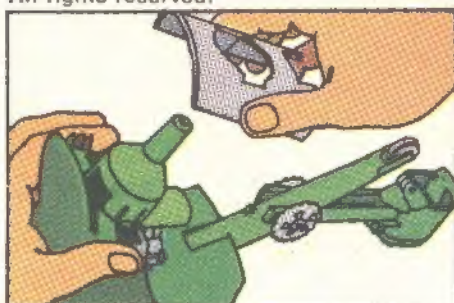


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